

# GAMBLING BOAT "RAIDED" AT LONG BEACH, BUREAU CAN'T FIND EVEN ONE CHIP

"Honest Steve" Pettit of Nassau County Peeks Under Beds in Luxurious "Club."  
PLAY FOR HIGH STAKES.  
House Made \$18,000 Profit on Night of Suburban Race, It Is Said.

And the Sheriff came. But with his eyes he saw naught And with his ears he heard naught.

Yes, Big Steve Pettit, Sheriff of Nassau County, entered the village of Long Beach yesterday in a big motor car looking for a gambling house. "Honest Steve," his friends love to call him, smiling, good-natured, and not in the least conservative, came into Long Beach to find a certain house which the family men of the town had been told by their wives to keep away from—a house where certain foolish men were wont to stake their money on the turn of a card or the whim of a certain elusive ball. The house in question, he had been told, was only a few yards from the rear of the Brighton Hotel at the east end of the beach. He steered his big car to the home of Charles J. Hewlett, known as the Chief of Police of Long Beach. Coming face to face with the Chief, Steve said:

"Now Chief, I have been informed that there is a gambling house running here in this village where men have lost large sums of money. Where is this notorious place? I am the Sheriff of this county and I won't stand for any such establishment."

The reply of the Chief of Police of Long Beach was about like this: "I am the police head of this burg and I can say, without fear of being contradicted, that there is not within the corporate bounds of this modest village any such house as you mention. Mind you I say within the limits of this township."

"Pooh, pooh," said Steve. "I care nothing about your corporate limits or anything like that. I am the Sheriff and my domain is only confined by the limits of Nassau County. I am told that the house in question lies just over the town line in one direction or another. How many such houses are there?"

The Chief said there were four houses that he knew of that lay just outside the town limits and offered to show the Sheriff the locations of each of these. He took a seat in the Sheriff's car and the search began.

The first house visited was still in course of construction, as was also the second. The Sheriff got out of his car and made sure that there was no gambling going on in either. The third house visited was owned and occupied by one Fairchild, connected in an executive capacity with some big trust company. In this house there was slight probability of there being any gambling here and the Sheriff begged the Chief to show him the fourth and last house.

The big car was driven to the east end and was stopped by the Chief's direction in front of a big stucco edifice with drawn shades. This house was at the corner of Broadway and Montgomery Place. There was a look of seclusion about it and Steve shook his head as he dismounted from the car. This was not his idea of a gambling place. The big front door of fumed oak was shut. The roof of the front porch hung down low—too low like the peak of a crook's cap. The Sheriff tripped up the steps and pushed the electric button. An ordinary looking man in baggy clothes answered the bell and looked at Steve. This was not his idea of a gambler. The Sheriff asked for the name of the occupant. He assured the Sheriff that there was no occupant of the house at present except himself, only a poor caretaker. "And your name?" said the Sheriff. "Martin," said the caretaker. "And who is the owner here?" continued the Sheriff.

"Well," answered the caretaker, without change of expression, "the owner, as I understand, is an entrepreneur and just now he is down in the Bahamas catching bumblebees."

"Oh," said Steve, "is that so. Well, do you mind my looking the place over? I have heard men come here Sunday nights and play pinhead for money. Do you know anything about that?"

Mr. Martin was willing for the Sheriff to come in and look over the place. In fact, he seemed rather pleased to have him do so. So Steve went in. He saw the thick Turkish rugs on the polished floors. He saw the walls hung with good paintings and took note of the heavy carved furniture. He visited the upper rooms of the house and noted the finest linen and made up with the finest linen and bed clothes. There was an atmosphere of real wealth. There was much evidence that the rooms had been used almost recently by some one of means.

Steve looked under the beds and out the window under the tables, and he finally told the caretaker that he was looking for a roulette wheel.

## BRITISH PLOT, SAYS GERMAN SPY HELD ONE DGERY CHARGE

Lincoln Talks of Plan to Railroad Him to the Tower of London.

Isaac T. T. Lincoln, former British M. P., and self described as a German spy, declared in the United States District Court in Brooklyn to-day that his arrest here on a forgery and fraud charge was an effort to railroad him to the Tower of London to be shot.

Lincoln, who has written many newspaper articles telling of his work as a spy, was arrested at No. 518 Decatur Street, Brooklyn, last night by United States Marshal Power, Deputy Marshal Proctor and a number of Pinkerton detectives employed by the British Consul. The warrant charged him with forging the name of Benjamin S. Brown, the British consul, on a note for \$750, passing a bad check for \$150 and discounting a forged bill of exchange for \$200—all in July, 1914.

Protesting his innocence of these charges, he was locked in Raymond Street Jail. When arraigned before Judge Veeder to-day Lincoln asked for a postponement, saying that his lawyer was unable to be present. Deputy District Attorneys Veeder and Reed and a lawyer from the British Consulate objected. The arraignment was put over to late this afternoon with the understanding that the hearing will be set for Aug. 13, when affidavits from English witnesses, warranting his extradition will be available.

"I have been told that my offence is not bailable and that under the extradition treaty England only needs to show that I am under indictment there and that I will save myself a lot of time and inconvenience by waiving extradition. What? Why should I consent to that?"

The prisoner drew his forefinger menacingly across his throat. Lincoln asked Judge Veeder to order arrangements made at the jail for an opportunity to finish his book, "Revelations of an International Spy." Judge Veeder said he was not informed as to the literary facilities of the jail, but would look into the matter.

Born in Hungary, Lincoln went to London at an early age. He was employed by the British consular office early in the war, but resigned when ordered to suppress appeals for the Hungarian Red Cross. He then got into the British secret service and sold naval secrets to the German bureau at Amsterdam.

Rothstein as reputed proprietor and George Considine as a manager. The house was built last year by the Long Beach Company, of which former Senator William Reynolds is President. It was sold at a high price and opened up immediately as a "swell" gambling place. The cost of the furnishings was placed at \$50,000 and the gambling paraphernalia was the best money could buy. Considine and Rothstein were running a place at Hewlett's, Long Island, and sold out to a gambler named Kelly last spring. He considered the place a "swell" place and placed just outside the town limits of Long Beach would be a paying venture. The house with the red tiled roof had just been finished and was found to be just the place. Maxie Blumenthal had the same idea a few weeks later and had almost concluded the purchase of a house, when the negotiations were suddenly called off by some person in high authority. Maxie's money was refunded. The house was an immediate success. Week-end nights never failed to bring the proprietors from five to ten thousand dollars. There were many more, but not to the authorities, and it was due to a woman's jealousy that the existence of the house finally reached a newspaper office.

The house was known to the frequenters of Long Beach as Rothstein's Club. Its existence was an open secret. On the evening following the running of the Suburban race the same night the owner of a famous racing sloop dropped \$3,000. On this night the winnings of the house are said to have been more than \$18,000. On the same night a certain ex-State Senator won \$5,000.

The house had "cappers" who did not hesitate to solicit men on the boardwalk, and on certain occasions women were allowed to try their luck. The name of Reynolds began to be associated with the place, and he asked the taxpayers and property owners to meet him and certain directors of the land company at the school house, where he might talk to them. They met him and he said that he wished all those present to understand that he had nothing to do with any gambling house; that there was, so far as he knew, no gambling house in the village of Long Beach. He also said that he didn't think a little gambling outside the town limits would hurt the place or injure the value of property. There were several men present who did not agree altogether with the Senator and one or two left the meeting.

When an Evening World reporter visited the gambling house last night the place was dark. He saw a negro enter the house using a pass key, and he saw nothing from the young man beyond a broad grin.

Certainly, no wheel turned last night.

# WHAT IS A PERFECT HUSBAND?

Fashions in heroes seem to be changing. The villain of pre-Victorian romance is no longer admired, many Evening World correspondents assert. They declare the clean-living man is the ideal life mate. He has other desirable qualities, but character is the principal thing. Not a word in commendation of the male individual who is "something of a devil" and who is "a real conquering hero in woman's eyes," because he "knows how to kid along a pretty girl."



**Middle-Aged Is Thought the Safest and Most Thrifty—Good Looks Insisted On by Some, but With Others That Point Is Not Considered Essential—And Money? He May Be a Banker or a Carpenter, Just So He Has Character.**

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

"In woman's eyes the perfect husband is the man with a past—the strong-arm, devilish, sweep-you-off-your-feet fellow, who doesn't ask for a kiss but takes it. When this chap wants to get married he can have the pick of the girls. The fellow who has been something of a devil, who knows how to drink, smoke and kid along a pretty girl, is the real conquering hero in woman's eyes. For his sake she will pass up the perfectly good young man."

That is the charge which "Medicus" brought yesterday against present and future wives, and to-day more than one woman indignantly refutes it. In several letters published below the writers take the ground that character is the keystone in the arch of love.

What do other women—and men—think about it? In the marriage market how stands the stock of The Man With a Past? What is the present quotation on him? Does he really seem "the perfect husband" to the young girl of to-day? And, whatever he seems, is he best fitted for the whole duty of a perfect husband—the winning and retaining of a wife's affection? Let us hear from Evening World readers of either sex on this subject.

## OLD FASHIONED IDEAL HERO DYING OUT.

There are fashions in heroes as in everything else. And it really seems to me that with young girls the Vogue of the Villain is on the wane. He is not the central figure any more in the fiction which they absorb so greedily. Do you remember the hero of "Clarissa Harlowe," Richardson's famous novel of the eighteenth century? He and the Mann White Slave Act would have conflicted violently had he flourished in our time and clime. And yet Richardson's work was considered marvellously refined and uplifting and was placed in the hands of many an admiring maiden.

A hundred years later the author of "Jane Eyre" dared to set aside the literary tradition of the rare and radiant heroine. But around her hero the odor of bromine was still strong—perceptible. He, too, was read of and revelled over by the young girls of a past generation.

The hero of the best seller of 1915, however, is almost sure to be a blameless youth. His mentality might be improved upon; his morality is surely all that could be desired. Whether he performs impossible feats in rescuing improbable princesses, whether he merely takes superficial sociology, one would leave him alone with one's sister as readily as with one's spouse. He is as clean as his shiny illustrations. Even in the most popular of our popular novelists who allows his heroes and heroines to hover on the brink, I recall but one instance of a plunge over.

It is the tales of these "nice boys" which the high school girl and her older sister buy on railway news stands and bring home from public libraries. Presumably, the ideal is here. And though it must be a bit exasperating for the human boy who is too busy to make love for three hundred and fifty pages and too poor to look like a clothing advertisement, the "perfect husband" of Sweet Sixteen's imagination at least cannot be described as "something of a devil."

The location as well as the description of a perfect husband seems to be interesting Evening World readers. Two of them consider this problem in the letters published to-day. "Where is a girl to find him?" is asked. "How will she know when she has found him?" I should like to hear some replies to these questions, to there any principle which, like a divining rod, may guide a girl in her quest for perfect mate? Is there any test by which she can surely select the A1 man from the others? What can you suggest?

**DRAWN THE LINE AT MAN OF LOW MORAL CHARACTER.**  
These are some of the letters which I have received:

Dear Madam: There are very few perfect husbands, but my ideal of a husband must be of good health, of many appearance, a good, steady man having a good position and able and ambitious to save a few dollars for the future. I must prove himself worthy of my respect. I could not love a man of low moral character, on whom I would look down with pity and disgust. He must, above all, have real strength of character, and will power and self-respect enough to resist temptation for pleasure that will lower his moral character. After marriage love grows colder, but respect and sympathy will remain if a wife has confidence in her husband and knows he is a man of true worth.

A good wife is entitled to her husband's respect. She looks to him for protection and sympathy for herself and their children. If a wife can look up to her husband with love and respect she will be a good wife, and pleasure in making his home the happiest place, where he will enjoy a good rest and a romp with the kids after a hard day's work. Years ago I lost a husband who possessed all these good qualities.

A WIDOW NO MORE YOUNG.

# Not the Man With a Past, Many Women Protest

German Caught Shaving by Girl Who Shared State-room and Exposed.

FINISHED TRIP IN IRONS.

Story Told in Letter From Lorne Cameron, Officer in a Winnipeg Regiment.

One of the most interesting recent revelations of the German system of espionage has reached this city in a letter from Lorne Cameron, an officer in one of the first Canadian regiments to be transported to England. Cameron, who is a son of Sir Douglas Cameron, M. P., former Governor of Manitoba, obtained permission to sail on a transport which left Montreal ahead of the one which was to carry his own company, his reason being the desire to take his wife along and establish her in England before he was ordered to the firing line.

Before leaving Winnipeg the Camerons were asked if they would take charge of a young English girl who was returning home and see that she was delivered safely at her destination. They agreed willingly and the young officer set about getting her accommodations. He found the ship crowded and the girl was obliged to share a stateroom with a nun. This was satisfactory enough, as the nun kept much to herself, and the first two days of the crossing passed without incident.

On the night of the third day out, the young girl awoke some hours after she had retired and glancing over the high rail of her berth was astonished to notice a light behind the curtains of the nun's berth across the stateroom. The curtains were not entirely drawn and by altering her position quietly, the girl was able to peep between them. To her horror she saw the nun crouched in front of a small mirror—shaving!

Pluckily restraining her desire to scream, the girl closed her eyes and remained perfectly still until well after daybreak, when she slipped on her bathrobe and hurried to the cabin of her guardians. Cameron notified the captain immediately of what the girl had seen and the "nun" was promptly investigated.

Stripped of her close-fitting head-dress, the sweet-faced stranger proved to be a blonde and gentlemanly young German spy, travelling with the troop ship for the sake of what information he could pick up. He was placed in irons and turned over to the military authorities on the ship's arrival in England. The young girl naturally became the heroine of the voyage, though she is of the opinion that the shock she got when she saw the razor being wielded in the opposite berth was too high a price to pay for any amount of subsequent adulation.

**Sleep Walker Dies in Fall.**  
MILLVILLE, N. J., Aug. 5.—While walking in his sleep at the country home of his brother at Dennisville, Cape May County, yesterday morning, Lehman Jones, a well known Millville resident, fell down a flight of stairs and was mortally injured. When members of the family arose they found him unconscious at the foot of the stairs. He was hurried in an automobile to his home here, where he died a few hours later.

**CHILDREN DIE IN FIRE AT SUMMER RESORT.**  
Dazed by Fear, Refuse to Leap to Safety—Dynamite Halts Blaze After Eight Cottages Burn.

DELAVER, Wis., Aug. 5.—Three children were burned to death, eight cottages destroyed and three dynamited to save other property in a fire at Lake Delavan, a resort near here early to-day. The blaze was brought under control in time to save a number of summer homes. The dead are Helen, Lucy and Mary Bryant, children of George G. Bryant, president of a rubber company, in whose cottage the fire is believed to have started from an overheated chimney.

The Bryant children apparently were dazed and refused to jump from a window on the second floor when they were told to do so. While their parents watched, helpless, the clothing of the children caught fire and they fell back helpless into the burning room.

The parents and the two elder sisters were at a summer dance across the lake when the fire started.

**IMPERFECT WOMAN COVETS THE "SOCIAL GANGSTER."**  
Dear Madam: Not necessarily must the "perfect husband" represent the "smiling, shallow-mannered, tango-mad social gangster" type of a man. Each and every woman has her own idea of what her "perfect" husband should be. Any "honest, intelligent and cultured" type of a man.

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# THREATENED TO KILL WILSON AND ROOSEVELT

Intercepted Letter Leads to Arrest of "Neutrality" Advocate at San Antonio.

SAN ANTONIO, Aug. 5.—Charged with threatening the lives of President Wilson and former President Roosevelt, F. H. Juergens, twenty-six years old, was arrested here last night and held in \$2,000 bail. The charge was made by J. L. Camp, United States District Attorney.

Juergens was arrested after a letter to President Wilson mailed at Austin, had been intercepted by post office inspectors, according to the District Attorney. It was written on the stationery of a well-known business man and signed with his name, but he is not believed to be connected with the affair.

The letter asserted that the writer was a member of an alliance of 150 men who would not rest until the United States observed "strict and impartial neutrality" by a refusal to sell munitions to the allies. Unless this was done the writer threatened the destruction of the National Capitol, the White House and the life of the Chief Executive.

# Nostrils Clogged? Throat Sore? Going Deaf?

Deafness, head noises and discharging nostrils are signs that are caused by some disease that clogs the ear tubes and middle ear.

When disease in the nostrils and throat is neglected it is very likely to pass into the ear tubes and middle ear.

As disease spreads into the ear tubes it clogs the passages that carry air to the ear. If these passages become choked the ear drum and ear bones cannot vibrate properly when sound strikes the ear drum. Then the hearing fails and gets duller and duller as the clogging is allowed to increase.

The hearing will not improve until the disease that clogs the passages is remedied.

My specialty is freeing clogged nostrils, throat and ear tubes, deafness and head noises and discharging ears. I have cured thousands of cases. My hearing and the best way to do this. I can usually free the nostrils without cutting away the bones in the nose, thus leaving the nostrils those important structures that were created by nature to strain germs out of the air.

How important is my method of treatment will be shown in the cases of Mr. Carl Leiser. He lives at 142 East 80th Street, New York. When he first consulted me he said: "I have had trouble with my ears for ten years. My hearing got so bad I could not hear what people said to me. Five years ago I lost my hearing. I put it right to my ear. I had noise in my head, like steam coming out. I could not hear. Since treating my ears, my hearing is better. I can hear conversation readily. The noise in my head is gone. I can hear what my watch tick when held some distance from my head."

**Clogged Nostrils, Dropping in Throat, Deafness and Head Noises.**  
Mr. Robert Allen resides at No. 324 Third Ave., New York. "My ears have been clogged for twenty years. I got so bad I could not hear through my ears at all. I was hard work for me to understand what people said to me. Since treating my ears, my hearing is better. A lot of discharges would come back into my throat. I have been cured. I have noise in my head, like steam coming out. I was hard work for me to understand what people said to me. Since treating my ears, my hearing is better. I can hear conversation readily. The noise in my head is gone. I can hear what my watch tick when held some distance from my head."

**DR. J. C. McCOY**  
Candler Building—220 W. 42d St.  
A few doors west of City Hall.  
Hours—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 10 A. M. to 8 P. M.; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.; Sunday, 10 A. M. to 12 Noon.

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